Alarum sounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery ſouldier kill his priſoner.
Piſt. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be deſired
In the worell now, in your conſcience now.
Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly raſcals that ran from the battell,
Themſelues haue done this ſlaughter;
Beſide, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king cauſed euery priſoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.
Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gower. Alexander the great.
Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I ſay, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phraſe is a little varation.
Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.
Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You ſhall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is

in *Macedon*, and there is alſo a Riuer
Monmorth, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis ſo like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You ſhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his diſpleaſures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.
Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſhed:
I ſpeake in the compariſons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: ſo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falſtaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmorth*,

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry ſince I came in France,
Vntill this houre.
Take a Trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our ſight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as faſt
As ſtones enforc'd from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.
Beſides, weel cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not one aliue ſhall taſte our mercy.

 Enter